

# Akala - A Message Lyrics

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Why are men so weak?  
I ain't got the answer  
Any boy can bust a nut  
Takes a man to be a father and a partner  
Especially young and poor, makes it harder  
So we fuck and flee the glee of dicks harder  
See every man wants to be loved as much as women do  
But we are men, who we gonna admit it to  
Especially in these streets when we pose like a killer do  
When we say they're hoes does that go for our sisters too?  
And I ain't saying i'm perfect  
Far from it  
Chauvinistic pig, but shit, i'm working on  
From the day I woke up and realised that I hated women  
Which is dumb, cos I was only raised by women  
And I ain't saying they're perfect they would admit they ain't  
But they ain't doing 99% of the rape  
Male supremacy got us thinking its cool  
And women are just objects we do things to

This is a message to my little sisters (this is a message!)  
Growing up in this world with no father figures  
Deep down need that love from a man (from a man!)  
So she get it anyway that she can, yo  
This is a message to my little brothers (this-is!)  
Growing up in this cold world with only mothers  
Trying their hardest to be a man  
Gettin' the gram feed the fam only way you can (any way, yeah)

If most mothers acted exactly like most daddies do  
There would be an even bigger bigger bag of homeless youths  
Runnin' the streets, feeling unloved  
How many so called tugs  
That grew up with only mums  
What if daddy stayed around  
Showed him what a man was about  
What if he wasn't 8 when he became the man of the house  
Where would he be now?  
Disciplined, smarter  
Mums wouldn't have kicked him out for lookin' just like her partner  
Instead when she glance at her son?  
It's a reminder of the beatings that he gave her  
How he mentally enslaved her  
All the while he was abusing she looked at him like a savior  
But nobody but herself could save her  
And now her eldest son in and out of the prison and women like his daddy  
And daughter 15 dropping a baby on the family

Listen

What about the daughters

We always hear about the boys madness

What about the girls born to a dad absent

Told her she was the princess, him and mummy fell out

Ever since then? quickly just lost interest

On to the next piece of skirt with a thin dress

Odd, the lessons we learn we don't sin less

We leave daughters, just because we can

And she after any affection she can have in a man

Same type of girl we turn and call a slag

I ain't sayin' I never did it i'm just sayin' its mad

Cos cuz?

Been 15 and suicidal sad

I don't know what it was

Maybe I miss my dad

All the things I never had, making me mad

In a world that says you don't have? You're basically bad

If we have half the parents

Are we half the person then?

Has it always been like this?

Is this the curse of men?

But then again, even if they stayed together

I don't know if its necessarily better

If they're at each other's throats, or just plain ignore

Parents, they fuck you up they do, that's for sure

Then we grow up

And turn up just like you

The question is?

Can we break the cycle